

Flipping the Switch

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Summary: Hiccup is just a normal guy who sings and plays guitar.

Astrid is the head cheerleader and queen bee of Berk High School.

After their paths cross by coincidence, both their lives literally change after one freaky Friday night. Modern AU. Gender Bender! Rated M for language.

## 1. Chapter 1

Flipping the Switch

Chapter 1: In the Beginning

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><p>Author's Note: Okay guys! Here's the deal. For those of you who have been reading my <em>I Can't Stand Hiccup</em> fanfiction, don't worry! I have not abandoned that story. I've just been having a huuuuge writer's block, as I always do with it, so I'm writing this in the meantime while I take a break. I've had a couple other HTTYD fic's in mind and this is one of them. This story has been inspired by many things, including the films "The Hot Chick", "Freaky Friday", and a manga called Your and My Secret.

As I've noted before, my narrating characters usually reflect a bit of my own personality and interests, hence the reason that I made Hiccup a guitar-player (oops, spoiler alert!) I also hang out with guys most of the time, so the pervy-ness in this story is inspired by my friends! Yay!

Anyway, this was a nice break from my other story and I hope you have as much fun reading it as I had writing it! Enjoy!

\* \* \*

><p>Astrid Hofferson is... perfect. Almost too perfect.</p>

I don't know actually know her, but who does? A vast majority of Berk High School know who the rich, blonde, all-too-perfect head cheerleader is. But do they know her? Does she know them? No. Those who are not included in the vast majority can actually be identified by the fabulous Astrid Hofferson due to their social equivalency.

I dare say it.

The popular kids.

Could the beginning of my story be any more cliche?

Well hear me out on this one.

My name's Hiccup. I'm not popular. I'm not a loser. I don't have the greatest GPA but it doesn't suck either. I don't play sports but I'm not out of shape. I'm caught somewhere in the middle of the social hierarchy structured by an evil called high school.

I sing and play guitar for a band called Nightfury. I get pretty good grades and I have a good group of friends. I may be shy for the most part, but I don't hold a social awkwardness that inhibits me from meeting people. I'm just a normal guy.

This all changed, though. At one point. My entire life literally changed completely.

Now I bet you're wondering why this has anything to do with Astrid. The one girl that I'm sure gives every single guy in school a hard-on with just one glimpse of her perfection. One whiff of her perfume. The hottest girl in school by a long shot, who has nothing to do with me.

Or at least it started out that way. Because her life changed too.

"Damn. I love Friday's."

Terry "Tuff" Thorston leaned his back against the lockers, crossing his arms and legs as he examined the school hallway with a lifted eyebrow and roguish smirk. His long, dirty-blonde hair fell around his shoulders while a black beanie sat at the top of his head.

"Why? Because it's the last day of the school week?" I asked as I exchanged my history book for my calculator and wretched pre-calc book.

"Well that. And because that's when the football games are."

I scoffed at my drummer. "So? You never go to them. And we're not gonna have a home game for another couple of weeks."

"No, but the cheerleaders do," he replied as his eyes followed two of the skirt-clad girls walking by, chatting up a storm and cackling like typical high school girls.

I laughed and slammed my locker door shut. "You are such a

perv."

"And you aren't?" Tuff turned to me and sneered. "You're always gawking at that Astrid chick. You're no better than me!"

I felt my ears turn hot as I looked down at my checkered Vans and tucked my book and calculator under my arm. "Well, I'm less vocal about it."

"Speak of the devil."

I looked up, and I swear the entire hallway brightened. There she was.

Astrid!

The little voice in my head squealed with glee. The moment I saw her, everything seemed to move in slow motion. Like in a movie. The tall, slender blonde strode across the hallway alongside two other cheerleaders, her golden hair swaying behind her back. Every step she took was graceful and perfect, as was everything else about her.

Tuff liked Friday's because all the cheerleaders were required to wear their uniforms to show their "school spirit" and support the team. And they looked super hot in them. There's just something about cheerleaders that's really enticing. I don't think any guy can really explain it. Their cute little outfits are definitely a factor. And that they're really flexible...

I wonder how flexible Astrid is.

I shook the thought away and stood up straight. My shoulder had fallen into a leaning position against the locker while I'd oggled at Astrid Hofferson walking by. She was gone now, and the normal passage of time returned. Tuff just stared at me with a lifted eyebrow.

"Forget about it, bro." He snickered. "She has a boyfriend, and I'm pretty sure she doesn't know you exist."

The bell rang and I huffed, shaking my head as I ignored Tuff and walked to my next class. "Fuck you, dude." He gave a boisterous laugh as he followed after me. "Aw c'mon, Haddock. I'm just fuckin' with ya."

The pathetic part was, it was true.

~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~

After school I went to Tuff's house for band practice. Naturally, the drummer's house is always the designated place for rehearsal. It's also ever-so-convenient that our bassist is Tuff's fraternal twin sister, Rhonda "Ruff" Thorston. She has the same long dirty-blond hair and lanky physique as her brother. It's cute how their nicknames rhyme, isn't it?

We got a good practice in. Tuff's dad had hooked us up with a gig at a small venue called The BoneKnapper, so we wanted to be at our best

by the time it came around. He was friends with the booking manager and this was going to be our first real show. It was only a couple weeks away.

"Shit, Hiccup, have you been doing nothing but practice all week? Your solo got so much cleaner," Ruff chimed after we finished our last song in the set. I smiled bashfully and looked down at my feet, loosely holding the neck of my sleek black Schecter as it hung from the strap around my shoulder. "Thanks. I spent a lot of time on it."

No way was I going to screw this up. We all had high expectations for our upcoming gig, and everything had to be perfect. Especially my solos.

Around eleven o'clock the three of us went to go see the movie *Freaky Friday*. Ironically, today was Friday, as it was also opening night. Don't ask me why Tuff and I agreed to go see this movie with Ruff. She dragged us out to go see it with her and threatened to quit the band if we didn't. The girl's also got an arm. That's all I'll say.

"Why do we have to watch this with you?" Tuff whined as we waited in line at the ticket booth.

"Because Ashley bailed on me and I am not going to the movies by myself."

"Ask another girl! Fuck, half the girls from our school are here," Tuff retorted as he scanned our surroundings. He was right. Right now the theatre was a teenaged girl hot-spot. Not like it usually wasn't. It was. But on opening nights for chick flicks such as this one, the theatre was thriving with girls.

And... Astrid?

"I don't know any other girls, dipshit," Ruff spat back. The two's usual bickering became distant and muffled in the background as my attention averted to the beautiful goddess only a few yards away. Astrid was sitting at a table in the middle of the courtyard, smiling and laughing with one of the girls she had been with in the hallway earlier today. She had a drink in her hand, and every few seconds her perfect lips would wrap around the straw to take a sip.

The game must have been over now. Her cheer uniform was replaced by a pair of dark blue jeans and a pullover sweater that sported our school colors- blue and gold- with the words "Vikings" in all caps etched above a logo of our school mascot on the front. Was she going to see the movie too?

"Can I help you?"

I snapped out of the spell that Astrid's beauty had cast over me and turned towards the zitty teenager working at the ticket booth. I hadn't realized I'd gotten to the front already. Ruff and Tuff were standing at the side, staring at me in question.

"Uhh... Yeah. One student for..." I hesitated. This was gonna sound so lame. "Freaky Friday, please?"

"Sorry, what was that? I couldn't hear you."

I closed my eyes momentarily and took in a breath. "Freaky Friday. Please."

"Oh! Freaky Friday. Of course. That'll be seven fifty."

I made a mental note to smash Ruff's bass as I reached into my back pocket and pulled out my wallet to pay for the stupid ticket.

The movie actually wasn't half bad. It was pretty entertaining and, although the guitar-playing was extremely fake, I liked that the chick in the movie was the lead guitarist for her band. When it got to the part in the movie where she and her mom switched places, I thought about how much weirder it would be if a guy and a girl exchanged bodies.

"I'll be back," I murmured to Tuff before getting up to use the bathroom.

I stepped out of the theatre and headed down the scarlet hallway, towards the lobby. As I jogged up the stairs I whipped out my cell phone and checked the time. It was a little past midnight.

"Oopf!"

"Whoa! I'm so sor-"

I quickly looked up to face the person I'd just bumped into at the top of the steps.

"Astrid?"

The blonde stared at me with round saucer eyes. "Do I know you?"

I swallowed. My heart was racing. A chill ran down my spine. I was freaking out on the inside and I'd barely said anything to her!

"Uh... Well I don't think so, I'm- I'm Hiccup. We have English together."

She raised an eyebrow. "We do?"

I nodded, trying to keep my cool. "Yeah, I sit in the back," I responded with a forced chuckle, running a hand through the shaggy hair on the back of my head. "Kinda hard to notice me, I guess."

This was going downhill fast.

She blinked at me. "Oh. Well, I'm sorry for bumping into you—"

"No, no, I'm sorry. It was my bad." I briefly raised my phone up in the air. "Wasn't paying attention to where I was walking."

Astrid laughed lightly. "It's no problem." Then she began walking past me, down the stairs. My mind instinctively told me Quick! Do something! You may never get this chance again!

"Hey, uh- Astrid?"

She stopped and turned around to look up at me, her hand on the railing. "Yeah?"

"I... I guess I'll see you at school?"

Stupid. So stupid.

She smiled. "Yeah. I'll see you around, Hiccup."

Her words did an instant replay in my head as she disappeared down the spiral staircase. She actually remembered my name. And she had smiled! Sadly enough, we'd probably never cross paths like that again. But it was still hard not to grin so big as I entered the men's bathroom. I immediately went over to a sink and turned on the water so that I could splash a little bit on my face. After I turned the faucet off, I looked in the mirror and stared back at a tall, gangly, somewhat scrawny seventeen-year-old with a shaggy mess of dark brown hair. I saw nothing special. No wonder Astrid didn't know I exist.

"You really like that girl, don't you?"

I whipped around and faced a janitor mopping the tiled floor near the stalls. How did I not notice him before? I narrowed my eyes and glanced out towards the doorway. Had he seen what just happened?

"I... Well, I don't really know her that well. She's cool, I guess," I replied with a shrug.

Smooth. Real smooth.

The janitor chuckled as he plopped the mop back into the bucket of water next to him. The name tag on his bluish-grey uniform said "Loki". Kind of a weird name. "Don't you want to know her?"

I hesitated. Was this guy really trying to have a conversation with me before I took a whizz?

"I couldn't if I tried."

Loki nodded and then scratched at the grey fuzz on his chin. "Why not?"

I slipped my hands in my pockets and rocked back on my heels. "It's like she was born into royalty, you know? Girls like her just don't care to know guys like me." I scoffed and looked around aimlessly. "Must be nice to have her life. She's beautiful and popular and rich. She has the perfect life and perfect friends. What else could she possibly need?"

The old man chuckled again. "Perfect, huh? Are you sure about that?"

"Positive." I don't really know why I was spewing out stuff about Astrid to this creeper.

"I wonder what it would be like to have this 'perfect' life."

"Me too, man. Me too."

The lights suddenly began flickering. "Whoa... What the-"

Then they went out, and we were consumed in absolute darkness.

"Did we just have a blackout or something?"

"Flip the switch, Hiccup. Flip the switch!"

I nodded and made my way through the darkness and towards the doorway where I assumed the light switch was. "Are you sure it's gonna work?" My outstretched hands finally landed on the cold tiled wall. I groped around for the switch and when my fingers found it, I immediately flicked up the little protrusion of plastic. Light flooded the bathroom once again.

"Hey, it worked!" I exclaimed. Then I realized that Loki had said my name when he'd commanded me to turn the light on. "But how did you know my-"

I turned around and saw no one else in the bathroom. My eyebrows furrowed. Where did he go?

"Uhh... Hello?"

No response. No one in sight. This was getting really fucking creepy. I finished my business in the bathroom real quick and then hurried out. Had all the electricity in the entire theatre shut down?

No. Everything was fine. Perfectly fine. What the hell had just happened? I glanced back at the bathroom before going down the stairs and promised myself to never, ever go in there again.

When I returned to my seat in the darkened theatre, the movie was near its closure closure. The mother and daughter returned to their original bodies and all was happy and better than how the story had begun. Don't you just love comedy movies with underlying positive messages and morals in them? I was relieved when it finally ended.

"So, did you like it?" Ruff asked Tuff and I as we walked down the hallway, caught in the middle of a herd of teenagers. We were like cattle.

"I guess," Tuff replied. "That girl was hot!"

I laughed. Of course he had to be the one to say that. "Yeah, the mom was hotter though," I added.

"Ewww," Ruff whined. "Jamie Lee Curtis is like forty!"

"I'm kidding, I'm kidding!"

Once our path cleared at the lobby, I saw Astrid in the distance with

a group of her friends. She was tucked under the arm of douchebag jock Steven Jorgenson, receiver on the football team and dubbed "Snotlout" in the first grade due to his excessive snot rockets. As the twins and I walked by, I swear that for a moment Astrid and I locked eyes, acknowledging each other's existence.

When that split second ended she went back to laughing at what one of her friends said. My phone buzzed in my pocket once we stepped outside, so I pulled it out to see who had messaged me. It was from a number that I didn't recognize. Even more strange, the phone number was comprised of only four digits.

"Be careful what you wish for."

\* \* \*

><p>Author's Note: When Hiccup shamefully says "Freaky Friday" to the guy at the ticket booth, replace that with "How to Train Your Dragon" and that's what happened to my boyfriend! xD Hehe, oh the irony. And speaking of "Freaky Friday", let's just pretend it came out recently rather than eight years ago!</p>

Thanks so much for reading my story and I hope it kept you interested enough to read the chapters to come! Reviews are absolutely adored, so leave them if you can! :3

## 2. Chapter 2

### Flipping the Switch

Chapter 2: Surreal Saturday

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><p>Author's Note: I know, I know, I still haven't updated <em>I Can't Stand Hiccup</em>p. But I've been having so much fun writing this story! When it isn't being a pain in the ass, that is. This chapter took me FOR-EVER.

Thank you so much to everyone who left me reviews on the first chapter! :3 They make me feel special, and let me know that someone is actually reading these things. I am also aware that this set-up (for those who have figured it out already) is completely unoriginal, but originality isn't what I was going for anyway and I thought it would be really fun to use for a HTTYD fanfiction, so I did!

Anyway, this chapter was tough to write, and as always I don't think I'm completely satisfied with it. But now that this one is out of the way the reeeeeal fun can begin. (I've used that word like three times now!) I hope you enjoy this next installment, and remember that reviews are VERY MUCH appreciated! MUAH.

\* \* \*

><p>My alarm woke me up the next morning. I groaned, my head tucked snug beneath my pillow. I fucking hate it when I'm nice and warm in blissful sleep when suddenly my alarm demands that I wake up against my will. I reached my hand out and groped around for the snooze button. When my fingers landed on its smooth plastic surface, I

slammed the buzzer off and escaped back into sweet silence. I had plenty of time before school started, I'd be fine.<p>

\_Wait a second. It's Saturday. \_

"Astrid?"

I flew up into a sitting position on my bed and scanned my surroundings. This wasn't my room. I could tell that I was in a girl's bedroom by the baby pink walls and white furniture. Had I crashed at Tuff's house last night? In his sister's room? No, this couldn't be it. She had Metallica and Iron Maiden posters plastered everywhere, and her walls certainly weren't pink. This room was even bigger than Tuff's fucking living room. Where the hell was I?

"Astrid, are you up, honey? Practice is in forty-five minutes!"

Astrid? Was I in her house? This had to be a dream.

My eyes flitted to the bedroom door. And, to my horror, it was covered by a huge Justin Timberlake poster. It shook as a person began knocking rapidly on it from the other side. "Wake up, Astrid, you'll be late!"

I was in Astrid's house. I was in her room! I had to get out of here. But how...

I looked to the left of the room in my groggy state and stared right back at Astrid's reflection in a mirror above a white wooden vanity. My eyes widened, and when I lifted my right arm up and slowly waved it up and down, so did the Astrid in the mirror.

It wasn't her reflection. It was mine. And I was in her bedroom now because I was her.

"Holy shit!"

My voice came out light and strangely feminine. When I attempted to hop out of bed, my foot got tangled in the thick comforter and I landed with a hard thud on the glossy wooden floor. A teddy bear squeaked as it fell onto my head. "Oopf!"

"Astrid? Are you alright in there?"

"Uhh... Yeah! I'm fine!" I responded in my new, all-too-weird girl voice as I yanked my foot from the blanket's grip. "Urghh... Come on!" A stuffed purple unicorn flew at me when I finally freed myself from the sheets, this time landing on my face. I huffed and quickly cast it aside. Then I pushed myself off the floor and into a sitting position against the side of the bed. "Ow," I muttered as I rubbed my elbow where it hurt from the fall. "Pain always reassures you that you're alive," my father would always say. Yeah, sure. There were plenty of other more pleasant things than pain that reminded me I was alive.

Then it hit me. This wasn't a dream. I was awake and living in reality.

My stomach dropped. I had to get home.

I looked around, thinking about how the hell I was gonna escape from this place. I could probably sneak out through her window if there was a tree outside or something. Classic teen movie shit. I stood up on my knees to look over the bed, and my eyes immediately landed on a door across the room that had been left slightly ajar. Soft light peered through the narrow space between the door and the doorway, indicating that it had to be a bathroom. Not a closet.

I scrambled around the bed and jolted towards the bathroom door. But before I'd even gone three steps, I tripped over the same fucking purple unicorn toy and fell on the floor again. I was even more clumsy in this new body.

"Astrid, what is going on in there?"

Before I could respond, an older woman sporting turquoise warm-up pants burst through the door. She had the same tall, lean figure as Astrid, with similar high cheek bones and blonde hair, though it lacked the same luster that Astrid's had. She couldn't have been older than forty-five, her pink lips holding a fake plumpness to them. There was no doubt that this woman was Astrid's mom. She looked around the room and then noticed that I was on the floor. Again.

"Uhhh... Hey, mom," I said meekly, my voice a bit shakey as I used the bed to hoist myself up. This was her mom, right?

"Astrid? What are you doing?" the woman asked as she placed her hands on her hips. "You'll be late for practice if you don't hurry up and get dressed. Coach is expecting a lot from you. The competition is only a couple weeks away!"

I pretended to follow. "I... I know. Sorry."

Astrid's mother lifted an eyebrow. "Well, I'm going to the gym now. Your keys are on the counter." She turned around and headed out the doorway, closing the door behind her. "Don't be late."

I gave an affirmative nod just before the door closed completely. Justin Timberlake stared back at me once again. For a few seconds I stood there in a daze, struggling to register the past two minutes. Suffice to say, it was extremely difficult to wrap my head around the fact that I was now Astrid. But what about the real Astrid? Where was she?

I was in Astrid's body. Not the way I preferred, but my consciousness had replaced hers. This didn't make any sense.

That didn't matter now. I had to get home and try to figure this out.

This time I walked towards the bathroom, taking extra-careful precautions not to encounter anymore stray stuffed animals. When I passed a short white shelf next to Astrid's bed, a picture framed in pink caught my eye. I narrowed my eyes and stepped closer to take a better look, discovering that it was a picture of Astrid and that brute Snotlout at the annual summer carnival. A sausage arm was hugged tightly around Astrid's slender shoulders, an

I'm-Too-Cool-to-Smile expression on his face. I immediately took the photo and slid it under the bed.

Yeah, I know. Real mature.

When I opened the door and stepped inside, my mouth dropped open. Astrid's entire bathroom was pearly white. And so clean. Smooth, white colored marble covered the entire floor, a porcelain bathtub on one side and a shower and toilet on the other. The counter across the bathroom was long and elegant, a wide mirror stretching across the wall above it. Two tall windows on opposite sides of the counter looked out into high-class, white suburban paradise. Soft morning light poured in and brightened the entire bathroom. It gleamed as if it were a fucking bathroom in heaven.

I noticed that a pair of workout clothes had been folded nicely and set atop a cushioned footstool at the side of the counter, so I padded across the cold tiled floor and scooped them up. Then I remembered something. I had to change. As in, out of these pajamas and into those tight little gym shorts. In Astrid's body...

"No. No way. That's fucked up," I muttered to myself as I resisted the urge to pull back the waistband of the Spongebob shorts I wore and take a peek. I was so pathetic.

But I had to do this, right? I had to change out of these clothes and into those. I couldn't go outside dressed like this.

It would be perfectly fine as long as I didn't stare... Too long...

I took in a deep breath, and then I closed my eyes as I began scooting out of Astrid's pajamas. I may be a guy, but I still hold some amount of decency.

Now, this was a lot tougher than I'd expected, but I couldn't disrespect Astrid like that. Getting into her shorts was easy. The tank top would be easy. But the sports bra presented the real challenge.

I pulled my t-shirt over my head and then groped around for the bra on the counter. God, I can't believe I'm doing this, I thought as I attempted to bring the thick, stretchy material around my head and shoulders. "Come on, come on..." I muttered, struggling to make it fit.

"There!" I breathed, instantly relieved when I got the stupid thing on. I grabbed the tank top and slipped it on, feeling victorious. Then I opened my eyes to gaze back at the reflection in the large mirror before me.

I was instantly mesmerized. Despite the messy bed-hair and absence of makeup, Astrid was still an angel. Long, slender legs and narrow waist. Flat stomach, perfect hips. The tiny grey shorts and tight blue tank top I wore hugged her body in all the right places. And her face? Flawless.

I'm wasting time. I gotta go.

I snapped out of my spellbound state and hurried out the bathroom.

But before I reached Astrid's bedroom door, a buzzing sound stopped me in my tracks. I squinted and turned towards Astrid's nightstand across the room, spotting a pink-studded cell phone with a lit-up screen. I went over and snatched it up. Maybe it would provide some clues as to what the fuck had happened last night.

"1 New Message: Steven"

I narrowed my eyes and flipped the screen out. She had a Sidekick. When I opened the message it said "Morning baby, thinkin of u alredy. Hav fun practice."

Delete.

"Tool," I muttered as I closed the screen and pocketed the cell phone.

I had no time to take in the splendor of the Hoffersons' home as I scurried down the spiral staircase and into the kitchen downstairs. Immediately spotting Astrid's car keys atop the counter, grabbed them and then hurried out the front door.

And, behold. Astrid's car.

"No way."

A grin stretched across my lips when the car sitting out in the driveway quickly reminded me that Astrid drives a BMW. A shiny, white 750. And now it was mine to drive.

"Fuck yeah!" I said under my breath as I pointed the key remote at the gleaming beauty. Its lights blinked on and off as the little beep indicating that the doors were unlocked went off. When I climbed inside the car, I sat there for a moment to take in the feel and smell of the smooth, tan leather interior. It was good to be Astrid.

For now, at least.

I turned the car on and began backing out of the driveway, a little nervous, but at the same time excited to be handling such a car. I guess I didn't have to sneak out of Astrid's house after all. Instead I could zoom out of the neighborhood in style.

My dad was gone on one of his usual business trips this week, so when I approached my house I was able to pull into an empty driveway. But then my heart sank when I realized that I didn't have a key to get into the house. No one was home to let me in. I huffed.\_ Well, I guess I could go through the backyard\_. We have a spare key hidden in a pot out in the yard, so I would be fine. Hopping the fence would just be a pain in the ass.

"Hello?" I called out instinctively when I stepped inside the kitchen. The sound of my voice- Astrid's voice- still made my spine tingle. I didn't really expect anyone to answer me, but it was my way of confirming that no one else was in the house. As I climbed up the stairs towards my room, I began thinking about how I'd figure out

this predicament that I was somehow caught in. Check the Internet? And what was I supposed to tell my friends? Would they believe me or just call me- call Astrid crazy?

Surreal. This was all so surreal.

"Thief!"

Just as I pushed open my bedroom door, a person jumped out into the doorway from behind the wall, holding up one of my guitars as if ready to strike me with it. My eyes widened and my mouth fell open. The guy froze, his expression matching mine.

It was me! Hiccup!

"Holy shit," I breathed.

The color drained from the impostor Hiccup's face, the guitar still raised above his shoulders. My fucking guitar, that he was about to smash my head in with. Maybe this really was a dream. I was about to say something, but then he suddenly raised the guitar higher with a menacing look on his face. "Impostor! Give me my body back!"

"Huh?"

He released a blood-curdling battlecry and came at me with my black Schecter. "Whoa! Hey!"

"Give me my body back!"

Just as he took a swing at me, I sprinted out of the hallway and hurried down the stairs. "Hey, take it easy!" I called out when I got to the bottom of the steps, turning in his direction. He appeared around the corner at the top of the stairwell, holding my guitar high up in the air by the neck. "Get back here!" he cried. I took that as another indication to run for it. I immediately darted across the house and then sought refuge in the kitchen, hiding between the stove and the island counter. I held my breath.

This was nuts. Here I was, hiding in my own home from a psychopath doppelganger who accused me of being a thief and an impostor. Then I began to think. Now that I was in Astrid's body, someone else had taken place in mine. Could it be-

"There you are."

I yelped and jumped to my feet, turning around. The maniac prepared to take a second swing at me with my guitar, but I quickly extended my arms and grabbed hold of the neck, stopping him.

"Hey, careful with that! That's my fucking guitar you're holding!" I cried out, yanking the guitar from his grip. The impostor Hiccup's hostile expression softened into a wide-eyed stare. He drew in a sharp breath. "H-Hiccup...?"

I narrowed my eyes and tilted my head. "Yeah, I'm Hiccup. You're the impostor, not me."

He swallowed, still staring at me with the same frightened-puppy-dog

expression. "It's me."

I blinked.

"Astrid."

My stomach fluttered. I suddenly felt light-headed. "Astrid?"

Now I understood. This was the first piece to the puzzle that had suddenly turned my life upside down. Why hadn't I realized this before?

Astrid and I had switched bodies.

"How could this happen?" Astrid cried out, balling her hands into fists as she paced back and forth across my bedroom. To say that it was fucking bizarre to see her act through my body is an understatement. I sighed, my heavy-lidded eyes following her as I sat slumped on my bed, hand under my chin. "I like, don't even know you!" she whined.

I didn't want to admit that that kinda hurt, but I will now. Sure, we weren't friends and had only met last night, but she had to say it like I was some complete stranger.

"What am I gonna do about school? What about the cheer team?"

"Just calm down, okay? We'll figure this out."

Astrid froze in place. I squinted and then sat up straight. "What? What's wrong?"

She turned on her heel to face me, eyes wide with horror. "The cheer competition!" She flew at me and grabbed me by the shoulders. "You're supposed to be at practice! What are you doing?"

I returned the same saucer-eyed expression. " Me ? "

"Yes. You," she responded, shoving me as she let go. "And what's with your hair? You didn't put it up? And where are your shoes? Didn't you put them on after changing?"

Again there was an abrupt silence as she stopped in her tracks yet again. "What is it this time?" I groaned.

Astrid suddenly pushed me down on the bed, baring her teeth. "You're wearing different clothes than what I wore to sleep! I know how you high school boys are. You better have not done anything!"

I threw my hands up in submission. "I didn't see anything! I swear!"

"You better not be lying," she snapped, her voice raising in pitch as she pushed me harder into the bed. I would have secretly dug it if we weren't in this weird situation in which she was me and I was her.

"I'm not! I'm not!"

Her eyes turned into slits. Then she released me and walked away from the bed. "Fine, fine. I believe you. But I'm warning you—"

"You can trust me." I pushed myself up, back into a sitting position. Then I narrowed my eyes and smirked. "But what about you?"

She whipped around. "What are you talking about?"

"You're a guy now, remember?"

She raised her chin defiantly, crossing her arms. "So?"

I chuckled. "How was that morning wood treating you, Astrid?"

Her lip jutted out, narrowed eyes as cold as steel. "You're a dick."

"And now you have one. What's it like?"

"Ugh... Stop it! We're not talking about that. You need to get to practice now!"

I raised my palms up. "Hey, I'm not a cheerleader. I don't know anything about cheerleading."

"Well you're going to have to learn, because you're me now. You are a cheerleader!"

I lifted an eyebrow, tilting my head slightly. "Wait. You're serious. You really want us to be each other?"

Astrid's shoulders fell, her hands falling at her sides. She drew in a breath through her nose.

"For now," she replied, speaking more calmly. "Until we fix this, you're me and I'm you. If we tried telling everyone that we like, switched places, do you think they'd actually believe us? They'd think we're crazy." She placed her hands on her hips. I winced. She made me act so... girly.

But Astrid was right. Whether we liked it or not, we were stuck like this. Not for long, hopefully.

"Well... What should I say when I show up late to practice?"

### 3. Chapter 3

#### Flipping the Switch

Chapter 3: How To Train Your Cheerleader

\* \* \*

><p>Author's Note: OMG! So I am sooooo sorry it took me this long to update! I promise that I hadn't forgotten or abandoned this story, I was just so busy all school year and every time I did come back to

this I had the worst writer's block! So this chapter basically took a year to write. I hope you like it! Reviews are greatly appreciated ( ;<p>

\* \* \*

><p>"Food poisoning."<p>

Astrid's cheer coach stared up at me with a lifted eyebrow. And damn, she was a babe. She was about five feet tall with huge green eyes and long, hazelnut colored hair. She couldn't have been older than 25. "You were late because you have food poisoning?" she asked. From behind Coach I could see Astrid, in my body, peeking into the gym from the main doorway in the distance and nodding at me with a sense of urgency, signaling with her hand for me to keep going with it.

"Uh... Yes," I replied with a soft nod, trying to act ill but not laying it on too thick. I couldn't tell if she was really buying it or not. "Yeah, I've been throwing up all morning. I'm still a little queasy."

"Well, are you going to be okay?"

I shook my head slowly, bringing my palm up to my stomach. "I don't think so, Coach. I thought I'd be okay but I think I need to go back home and rest more." Yeah, right. I just didn't want to fucking be here and make an idiot out of myself. It's not like I knew any of their routines, and no way was Astrid going to allow me to make a fool out of herself. The big school gymnasium echoed with the sounds of bubbly, teenaged girl voices as the cheer team practiced at the other end.

"Astrid, you do realize the competition is only two weeks away? As head cheerleader—"

"Yes, I know, Coach. But I'll be fine by Monday."

How many times did I have to be reminded about this stupid fucking cheer competition? It's in two weeks, you know. Hey, did you know the competition is in two weeks? Guess what, the competition is in TWO FUCKING WEEKS! Wow, thanks for fucking telling me! I would have never quessed!

She huffed. "Okay. You can go home for today, but show up on Monday fully prepared. Everyone is counting on you."

I gave an affirmative nod. "Thank you, Coach!" I said before hurrying off.

"And next time don't be late!"

"It's not like me to be late," Astrid muttered as she drove us back in her white BMW, narrowed eyes set on the road before us. By now it was about ten o'clock. "I'm never late."

I really didn't know what to say. Was I supposed to feel responsible? It's not like I'd planned on switching places with Astrid and then

missing her Saturday-morning practice. "Cheerleading is everything to you, isn't it?"

"Not everything," she snapped defensively, glancing in my direction. For a split second I saw my own green eyes turn as cold as steel. It gave me the chills. I had never before seen myself look so vindictive. "But it's important to me." Her eyes returned to the road as the tone of her voice- my voice- actually softened.

"Sorry," was all I could muster out.

The car was silent for the rest of the trip, several minutes passing by until we pulled up to the big, golden gate of Berk Heights. This was Astrid's neighborhood. "Wait, we're going to your house?"

"My mom is never home, and my dad's away for business. She won't know."

"Won't know what? That you missed practice or that you're bringing me to your house?" Not like I hadn't been here before, but now there was the two of us, and I could imagine Astrid's mom coming back from the gym and staring wide-eyed at Astrid in my body and then asking me, "Sweetie, who is this loser you're hanging out with?"

After Astrid punched the gate code into the keypad at the entrance of her neighborhood, the two majestic gates opened up into upper-class territory and we rolled right in. "Both."

Neither of us said anything else as we made our way down the winding roads of Berk Heights. Large homes with huge driveways and neat green lawns flew by, and as we crept higher up the hill I could see the vast, sparkling ocean down below come into view. Somehow I'd paid no attention to it when I'd left this morning. I guess I'd been too flustered about this entire situation to really notice it.

And then I quickly remembered how fucked we were.

"We'll figure this out. Right?"

Just as if my own voice were playing aloud in my head, Astrid spoke. But it didn't sound like her voice, because it was mine. And in her tone I sensed a foreign sense of helplessness, a desperate need for reassurance, even though neither of us knew what the hell we were going to do.

"We will. I promise."

My stomach dropped. Dad always said to never make promises that you can't keep.

"Now, the first step to being me is confidence," Astrid said as she placed both her hands on her hips, standing up tall with a big, perky smile on her face.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, we're gonna have to have to fix all... this," she replied, gesturing towards me with one hand while keeping the other

on her hip.\_  
><em>

My head fell to the side as my shoulders sank. "You just gestured to all of me."

"See? That's exactly what I'm talking about!" She huffed indignantly and came towards me, pushing my shoulders back. "You aren't confident. You're a cheerleader now, and cheerleaders have good posture. Good posture is a sign of confidence. And you obviously don't have any."

"Thank you, for summing that up."

We were back in Astrid's bedroom, her bed already made and neat by the time we got back. I'd forgotten that rich people had housekeepers to do their cleaning for them.

"I can tell that you aren't confident by the way you talk and the way you stand," she said as she stepped back, crossing her arms and cocking one hip to the side as she looked at me with a lifted eyebrow.

I winced. I guessed she was right, though I had never really noticed before. Maybe these were the secrets to becoming cool and popular, and she was revealing them to me.

"Next, is-"

Buzz buzz buzz\_.

I looked down. The buzzing had come from Astrid's short pockets. I'd nearly forgotten about-

"My phone!"

Just as I began to pull Astrid's Sidekick out of my pocket she practically pounced towards me and snatched it from my hand. She flipped open the device and I watched her eyes quickly scan back and forth across the screen. Then, I nearly hurled as I saw her face soften before her thumbs began racing across the keyboard, making little rubbery clicking sounds.

"Lemme guess," I said with heavy-lidded eyes and a bleak expression on my face. "Snotlout."

Astrid glared up at me through her lashes. Then she flipped her Sidekick closed and set it on the nightstand behind her. "How about, it's none of your business?"

I scoffed disdainfully. "Well unless your boyfriend suddenly turns gay, you can't be his girlfriend while you're in my body. Remember?"

I could see the gears turning in Astrid's head when suddenly her narrowed eyes locked on me like a target as she shifted her jaw slightly. Her shoulders did a subtle rise and fall as she took in a breath through her nose and released it. Fuck. She was fuming.

And then, without warning, Astrid released a shrill battlecry and

flew at me, her hands wringing around my shirt collar. I made a small yelp as I fell down onto the floor, attempting to break her grip, but she held on tight. My own green eyes burned with ire. "Okay! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" I wailed. I didn't mean-

"This is all your fault! You better figure this out soon and give me my life back!"

"My fault? How is this-" I squirmed beneath her and struggled to push her off of me, but it was no use. "My fault?"

She pinned me down to the floor, straddling my hips. Her eyes narrowed threateningly. "You had to do something. We didn't know each other until last night, and then I woke up this morning as you! Explain that," she barked with gritted teeth, pushing me harder into the carpet.

I opened my mouth to say something, but stopped. She had a point. Did our official meeting have something to do with this? It was rather peculiar that we'd switched places the day after we met.

"Astrid-

"Astrid?"

We stopped and turned our heads to see Astrid's mom standing in the bedroom doorway, mouth agape. Then we quickly looked at each other before we scrambled off each other. "Uhhhh..."

I looked up at Mrs. Hofferson as I stood up, smoothing down my shirt. From my peripheral vision I saw Astrid stand up too. She smiled at her mom as she stepped beside me before taking a light jab at me with her elbow.

"Oh- right. Mom." I released a nervous laugh and pushed my bangs out of my face. "This is... My friend. Hiccup. He's... Uhm-

"Hi, Mrs. Hofferson," Astrid said as she outstretched her hand to shake her mom's, putting on her most charming smile. "It's so nice to meet you."

"You too," she said, slightly squinting at her before averting her attention back to me. "I thought you were at practice."

"It got out early," I blurted. "Uhm... But then I saw Hiccup there at the gym so I asked if he wanted to hang out?"

Why the fuck had that come out as a question?

"What she means is," Astrid intervened, placing her hands behind her back and rocking on her heels, "Is that... Well, I was at the outdoor basketball courts when she saw me, and, well, we have English together, and she had a few questions about our homework so she asked me to come over and help her out." She pulled her eyebrows in and smiled again. "I hope that's okay."

Nice save. Astrid's mom stood there and nodded as she registered all this. Her blonde hair had been pulled up into a ponytail, her face still slightly flushed from coming from the gym. Uhh, could you say,

MILF? "Oh, well, that's just fine." Again she looked to me. "Astrid, sweetheart, have to run some errands after I shower. There's some money in the kitchen drawer if you need it." She smiled before closing the door. "You kids stay out of trouble!"

Too bad we were already wallowing in it.

"I thought you said your mom was never home!" I said as I whipped around to glare at Astrid. She squinted at me and threw her palms up. "She isn't! How was I supposed to know she was going to stop by at a random time like this?"

"I don't know, this is your fucking house!"

Astrid shook her head. "Whatever. That was a close one," she grumbled before releasing a frustrated groan as she flopped forward onto her bed. "What are we gonna dooooo," she whined, her voice muffled by the pillow she had buried her face in.

Suddenly I felt this pang of guilt, right in my gut. Maybe Astrid was right. Maybe this was my fault. But how? What could I have possibly done to make this happen? Before last night, Astrid didn't even know that I exist. And now today we were each other. Pure coincidence? Maybe not. This whole situation just didn't make any sense.

I came over and sat down on the bed next to her. "Hey," I said softly. "Come on, we'll figure this out."

Astrid turned her face and peeked up at me from her pillow. Then she huffed as she flipped over to lie on her back, placing her hands behind her head as she stared up at the ceiling. "I wish we could just like, I dunno, flip a switch or something."

I traced circles on Astrid's baby pink comforter. Then I squinted and looked up at her.

"Wait... Say that again."

"Say what?"

"You said-"

"Flip a switch?"

A few seconds passed before I drew in a sharp breath, my eyes widening as something suddenly clicked in my brain.

"\_Flip the switch, Hiccup! Flip the switch!\_"

"The janitor!" I exclaimed as I jumped off of Astrid's bed. "It was the creepy janitor!"

Astrid looked bewildered. "Huh?"

I grabbed Astrid's forearm and started lightly tugging her towards me. Astrid narrowed her eyes at me and sat up, yanking her arm away. "\_What\_ are you talking about?"

"Come on! I know how to switch us back!"

#### 4. Chapter 4

##### Flipping the Switch

##### Chapter 4: Trust

\* \* \*

><p>"Really?" Astrid's eyebrows jumped up as she quickly turned to sit on the edge of her bed to face me, her feet touching the floor. "How?"</p>

"The janitor!" I was almost panting. "At the movies- in the bathroom- and then the lights went out and then they came back on and he was gone and then-"

"Whoa whoa whoa," Astrid said, standing up and placing her palms out towards me. "Slow down. Janitor? What janitor?"

I paused for a moment, collecting my thoughts and memories. The janitor in the bathroom at the movie theater last night had had a name tag with a weird name, but I couldn't remember it. And out of nowhere the lights in bathroom had gone out. He'd told me to flip the switch, and he had somehow known my name. And once the lights were back on... He had vanished into thin air. And when I woke up this morning...

No, it couldn't be.

"At the movies last night. There was this janitor, and old man," I began, "Mopping up in the guy's bathroom, and- well, he began talking to me, and then out of nowhere there was that blackout. Remember?"

Astrid narrowed her eyes. "Blackout? No."

"What?"

"There was no blackout. Ever."

"But the lights in the bathroom-"

"So?"

Okay, well that was kind of weird.

"Well- the lights in the bathroom went out. And then the creepy janitor told me to flip the switch to turn the lights back on. And he knew my name, which is the weirdest part, because I didn't tell him my name."

She lifted an eyebrow, looking unsure on how to react.

"And after I switched on the lights, he was gone. It's like he fucking vanished into thin air. Either that, or he was able to sneak past me and out the bathroom at the speed of light."

Astrid bit her bottom lip and then sat back down. "What the hell? That is a little weird..." She huffed. "But wait," she said, briefly

shaking her head. "This isn't making like, any sense. What does this have to do with anything?"

I swallowed, and peered up at her with my eyebrows pulled in. "I know this sounds crazy. But I think he has something to do with us switching places. I think he might have been some... deity or witch doctor or some shit. I think that when I flipped the switch... it somehow switched our lives, too."

Astrid scoffed. "You can't be serious."

"Astrid, we're in each other's bodies. I'm not sure it gets any fuckin weirder than this. Gotta better theory?"

She tilted her head slightly. "Okay. Fine, you have a point. But explain this." Her last statement had a sassy flair to it. "Why me? How did I get pulled into this and not some other random person?"

A sudden pang of guilt hit deep in my stomach. I kind of left out the part where I talked about Astrid to him.

I planned to keep it that way.

"Wait a sec... Was this after we bumped into each other upstairs?" she asked.

My eyebrows jumped up. "Yes! I was on my way to the bathroom when that happened."

Astrid clenched her eyes shut and let her head fall back. "This has to be some kind of curse," she moaned. "Oh God, what did I do to deserve this?"

Well, that was kind of fuckin lame. We were stuck in this together, it wasn't just about her.

I narrowed my eyes at her and then crossed my arms. "Well excuuuuse me, princess. I'm sorry that life is now so hard for you and that of all people to be stuck as, it's me. But if we don't get off our asses and try to get to the bottom of this mess then nothing will get solved."

It was quiet for a moment. Astrid brought her head back forward and then slumped, pouting at me like a child who wanted something but knew she wasn't getting it. Then she released a short breath through her nose and sat up straight. "Okay," she said submissively with a shrug. "So what now?"

I brought my hands up to the back of my neck and rubbed it, relieving some of the tension I felt building up there. Despite my eagerness to go hunt down the evil witchdoctor janitor man, I was tired, and I was fucking starving, and in all this excitement I had totally forgotten about eating. A nap sounded nice, too. Maybe. And as much as I secretly found Astrid's tight little gym clothes to be sexy as hell, I really wanted to change. Oh, how I missed the comfort of a soft cotton tee-shirt and jeans. None of this sports bra bullshit.

"Fuck, I'd like to change first. And maybe eat something."

Astrid squinted at me, and I imagined the gears turning once again.

Poison seeped from eyes. My eyes. "If you so much as take a single peek, I will murder you."

I tried not to blush, the thought of Astrid's naked body coming to mind again.

"Look. Astrid." I took in a quick breath, casting aside any distracting thoughts. "Until we figure this out and change ourselves back, we're going to have to trust each other. I know you don't know me very well. And I don't know you either. "

Astrid's expression didn't change.

"I know you're scared. I'm scared out of my fucking mind too. But I can't do this shit with you if you can't trust me."

Okay, so maybe I was overdoing it. But I had to get through this fucking girl's head somehow.

Blink. Blink.

"Okay?"

Astrid's bottom lip jutted out, her eyes flitting back and forth before she finally peered up at me through her lashes and gave a soft but affirmative nod. "Fine. Just- try not to get weird about it."

Before we left, Astrid picked out a fresh set of clothes for me to change into- a pair of denim cutoff shorts, a lacey black camisole, and a dainty baby pink bra and matching thong. Fuck. Hot.

"Alright. Change," she commanded, shoving the folded set of clothes into my arms.

"Uhh... Okay," I replied, trying not to stammer as I held the pair of clothes to my chest. I began to head towards the bathroom when I felt her hand grab my shoulder.

"No, Here."

I squinted, stopping in my tracks and turning around. "Wait. What?"

"You're changing right here," Astrid said firmly, sitting on her bed with her arms and legs crossed in an unmistakably sassy manner.

"Why?!"

"I'm monitoring you," she replied, tilting her head slightly with heavy-lidded eyes.

"Monitoring me? Fuck that!"

She sneered at me. "It's my body. It's not like I haven't seen it before. I'm making sure you don't pull anything sneaky, like take a peek or something."

I brought my free hand up to my forehead. "You can't be fucking serious. Didn't we just talk about-"

"We did. But I don't fully trust you. Not yet."

I used every amount of strength I had to restrain myself from strangling her.

"Come oooon, the clock is ticking. We don't have all day," Astrid chimed. "Just do it already!"

I felt my ears turning hot. Fuck, this was so fucking weird. Though I guess she had a point. It wasn't like she was watching me change. It was her body, after all. Despite that, however, the plain act of someone staring at me while being fully exposed made me uncomfortable either way, and the fact that I had to do it while she was in my body and I was in hers just made it all the more fucked up.

"Fine, fine. Fuck," I muttered under my breath, placing the set of clothes next to her on the bed. Then I clenched my eyes shut while I pulled my shirt and sports bra up and over my head and then dropped it to the floor.

"Here," Astrid said, tossing her bra to me. I caught it, and then I stared at it like it was some intricate contraption. Never had I viewed a bra from the perspective of the person wearing it. They were easy to take off of other girls, but putting one on myself was an entirely different skill that was completely foreign to me.

"Uhh..."

"Do I have to do everything?"

Astrid stood up and snatched the bra from me. "Hold you arms out."

I obeyed, keeping my eyes forward. I felt Astrid slip the straps over my shoulders, one by one, and then she stepped behind me to clip the back.

I won't go into any further details about how Astrid undressed and then dressed me into her clothes while I was in her body and she was in mine. To say that it was awkward and uncomfortable is an understatement. Alas, it was a successful operation. I'll leave it at that.

Once that was over, we headed downstairs and then out the door, set on a mission to find the sketchy janitor and hopefully fix this mess as soon as possible.

## 5. Chapter 5

Flipping the Switch

Chapter 5: Loki

\* \* \*

><p>Author's Note: hello! i hope you have been enjoying my story thus far. as you may have noticed by the last chapter, i have returned! im so sorry it took me this long to update, seriously it's been like two years since the first chapter was written. but im back on it again...i never forgot about this story! i've been having a lot of fun writing this and im super excited to take it in the direction that i've been planning on ever since i first started this. i also really really appreciate all the feedback i've gotten. you guys are great! i hope you like the cover i made hehe. anyway, i also hope you like this next chapter...expect to see the next one shortly!</p>

oh and for the record...sorry possible spoiler alert...any references to mythology that i have made aren't necessarily all accurate. it's just to help the story.

enjoy!

~ dethkorekitty

\* \* \*

><p>I wanted to sleep. I wanted to sleep so bad.</p>

"Didn't you say you were hungry? Here." Astrid tossed a granola bar at me as we began driving down the winding road of Berk Heights.

"Thanks."

But my mind was too occupied with the situation at hand to feel tired.

"You can eat it in here. Just don't make a mess."

"Check."

The drive was long. And quiet. As we cruised through wealthy suburban paradise, I let my mind wander as I watched grand, beautiful homes with perfect green lawns and big trees go past us.

I really hoped that this would end soon. That we would find the solution, a quick fix, and that it would all be over.

Unfortunately, something in the back of my mind told me it wasn't going to be that easy.

What was going to happen to us? What about my band? We were playing our first real show in two weeks, and at the fucking BoneKnapper nonetheless, the most sought-after venue to play in if you were in a stupid little local band like me.

And what about school? What if we were still stuck like this by Monday?

Fuck me.

"Sooo..."

Astrid's voice- or- my voice, broke the silence.

"Did this guy like, have a nametag or anything? The janitor, I mean."

"Holy shit, he did," I replied with a mouthful of oats before quickly swallowing. "I just can't remember what it said..."

"Oh come on, Hiccup."

When we got down to the big boasting gate of Berk Heights, it opened automatically and led us out back to the real world. With normal looking houses and normal looking lawns lining the streets, no more mansions. The mall was only a few miles away. I finished my granola bar and tucked the wrapper into my pocket.

I thought hard. I remember the janitor's nametag having a really weird name on it. It was short, too.

—“Flip the switch, Hiccup. Flip the switch!”—

The old man's voice resonated in my head. Almost as if it were haunting me. I cringed a little.

"I'm sure I'll think of it.  
Maybe."

It hit noon by the time we got to the mall. There weren't many people out, probably because it was still early for a Saturday.

"This better work, Hiccup. I've got a cheer competition to practice for."

I rolled my eyes as we walked towards the movie theater.

"Okay, sure. And if it doesn't, I'll just flip a switch and change us back instantly. No problem."

"Oh yeah? Well it obviously it worked the first time," Astrid snapped at me, stopping in her tracks to give me a threatening glare. "When you 'flipped the switch' then!"

"You think you're the only person with important shit to do? I have a qiq coming up!"

"Well then maybe you should have thought about that before you like, messed with magical wizard janitors and screwed both of us over!"

A mother and her child walked past us, shooting us weird looks.

I glanced around. "Hey- calm down," I replied softly. "I don't want us to attract too much attention."

Astrid's shoulders rose and fell as she released a short breath.

"We're gonna figure this out, alright? Just- act normal. Be cool. Can you do that? At least while we're in public?"

She squinted at me and then groaned. "You are so annoying."

"I'll take that as a yes."

When we arrived at the ticket booth we were greeted by a shaggy, dark-haired burnout that looked like he hated his life. I'd probably hate my life too, if I had to work at the movie theatre at twelve o'clock on a Saturday. "Uhhh. How can I help you," he said flatly.

I was about to respond when Astrid pushed me aside. "I'll handle this."

Of course.

"Hi, can we speak to a manager, please?" Astrid said with an insanely superficial sweet voice. The fact that it was my voice made my fucking skin crawl. "We have a question about one of your employees."

"Uhhh, the general manager doesn't work today, sir," he replied, scratching his chin beard. "Is there, uhhh, anything that I can do?"

Astrid lifted an eyebrow. "Did you just call me sir?"

I elbowed her. "He certainly did, Hiccup," I said through gritted teeth.

She looked at me, bewildered, but then her face returned to the fake smile once she came to the realization she wasn't actually a girl anymore. "Oh. I mean- uhm- yes. My good friend Astrid and I would like to speak to one of the janitors that works here. He's like an old man or something."

The burnout behind the ticket window blinked at us. "Uhhh, we have two cleaning ladies. And, uhhh, they only come in the mornings."

"Cleaning ladies?" I asked.

"Uhhh. Yeah?"

"Are you sure? I was here last night, and I ran into a janitor in the men's room. An old man."

"Uhh, no old dude. And no one cleans the bathrooms at night. Do you guys wanna like, come back tomorrow or something?"

"We are so fucked."

I paced back and forth in my bedroom while Astrid sat on my bed, her knees pulled up to her chest with her arms wrapped around them. A million different feelings weighed down on my chest. Among them were helplessness, frustration, and confusion.

"What are we gonna do?" Astrid groaned in response.

"I don't know. I gotta think." I slumped into my swivel desk chair. That movie theatre didn't even have a fucking janitor. So what did this mean? Was the old man I had encountered last night actually a ghost? A demon? Had he put a curse on me and dragged Astrid into it? Because I had talked about her? What had I done to deserve it?

My stomach was a heavy pit of guilt. I was almost nauseous.

I turned towards my desk and opened my laptop.

"What are you doing?" Astrid asked.

"Researching."

I scoured the Internet for possible answers, stumbling upon all kinds of information on different myths, legends, and supernatural phenomena. Soon enough Astrid had scooted over to the edge of my bed, next to my desk, to get in on the search for an explanation.

"This is all fairytale bullshit," I groaned after maybe half an hour, on the verge of giving up. "I can't find anything."

"There has to be something."

"This is a joke, right? Is the universe fucking with us? Is this all part of a huge trick being played on us? Because it sure seems like it."

"Hiccup..."

"The gods must hate me. Or, whatever it is that's out there. The gods are playing a trick on my pathetic teenaged soul."

Astrid scoffed at me. "A trick? You think 'the gods' are playing a trick on you?"

I opened my mouth to respond with another snarky remark, but suddenly stopped when something else came to mind. "Wait a minute."

She furrowed her eyebrows. "What?"

I turned back to my computer and typed gods play tricks into the search bar. My eyes then scanned the results that pulled up, and almost instantaneously they landed on a link that stood out to me. Loki: God of Mischief and Trickery.

"No way," I breathed, opening the webpage.

In Norse mythology, Loki is the god of mischief and a notorious trickster. Despite his playful and seemingly cowardly persona, he is crafty, clever, and malicious. One must beware of Loki, for he is a shapeshifter and can take on the form of any earthly being, especially when he wants to toy with helpless mortals. A favorite trick of Loki's is coaxing the unspoken desires out of unsuspecting humans and then using those desires against them. He is not to be trusted. Be careful what you wish for.

I squinted at the screen and then looked around for my cell phone. When I saw it on my nightstand, I went over and snatched it up. The last message I received was from that weird four-digit number.

5654.

\_Be careful what you wish for.\_

My body was suddenly gripped by an icy chill. When I matched the numbers to their corresponding letters on the keypad, they were able to spell out L-O-K-I. Perhaps it was a coincidence. Perhaps it wasn't.

The name on the janitor's nametag was Loki.

"Holy. Shit."

## 6. Chapter 6

\_Flipping the Switch\_

Chapter 6: Cursed

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><p>Author's Note: Wow, thank you to all my loyal readers who have waited another year and a half for the next chapter! So much has happened since I last updated... I graduated college, moved to San Francisco, AND HOW TO TRAIN YOUR DRAGON 2 CAME OUT!</p>

I have really sucked at updating this thing and I'm so sorry! In my defense, I did begin writing this chapter immediately after I published the previous one, I just never finished it...Oopsies. Anyway, I hope you enjoy this next installment, I had a lot of fun writing it as always. Again, some of the mythology stuff is made up to fit the context of this story.

Another thanks for all the reviews, you're all awesome! One review that stood out to me pointed out that Astrid's portrayal is nothing more than a shallow stereotype...While I definitely can't argue that, perhaps she will surprise you as the story continues to unfold.  
;)

So here is my Christmas present to all of you. Or Hanukkah, Ramadan, Kwanzaa, whatever kind of present you want it to be. Chapter 6.

~ kitty

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><p>"What?" Astrid asked.</p>

I simply stood there staring at my phone screen, my mouth agape. I was speechless.

"What is it, Hiccup?"

Gripping my phone tightly in one hand, I let my face fall into the other and shook my head. "Are you \_fucking\_ kidding me?"

"Come on, Hiccup, what?!"

"The janitor..." I replied, my voice slightly muted by my palm. "It

was Loki."

She lifted an eyebrow, not following. "Loki? What is that?"

"Not what. But who. It says right here." I moved back to my desk and then pointed to my laptop screen. "'Loki is the god of mischief and a notorious trickster,'" I read aloud. "'One must beware of Loki, for he is a shapeshifter and can take on the form of any earthly being.'" Astrid leaned forward and skimmed over the webpage.

She blinked and turned to me. "You think this is how we got switched?"

"Can you think of a better explanation, princess?"

She bit her bottom lip and sat back onto the bed, breathing a defeated sigh. "Well, how do you know?"

I plopped down next to her. "It was on his nametag."

Her eyes- my eyes- widened in astonishment. "Really?"

Too anxious to stay seated, I stood up again and began pacing around the bedroom. "Really. I'll take my chances on this one. There's no way it could be a coincidence."

Astrid threw her palms toward the ceiling. "Well how are we supposed to find him?"

"I don't know. But I think I know someone who does."

~o~

"You must be joking."

Elias Fishlegs stared blankly at us from his swivel desk chair. Astrid and I were sitting on his couch, the three of us inside his dungeon of a basement.

"Dude. I wish we were," I replied.

Fishlegs is the smartest kid in our junior class and a notorious mega nerd. He also has a huge crush on Ruff, and comes to all our shows. That's how I know him. He's a little socially awkward, but he's a nice kid. For the most part. I give him shit sometimes but it's only to help him build character.

I came to him in hopes that he would know what to do about the curse Loki had bestowed upon Astrid and I, or at least point us in the right direction.

His living space was adorned with lava lamps, tall shelves lined with mythology books and Dungeons & Dragons figurines, empty potato chip bags, and a plasma screen TV hooked up to every video game console you can imagine. Lord of the Rings and Zelda posters covered the walls and even his bed frame was garnished in fucking stickers of the Transformers and other nerdy shit. The only source of natural light came from two small windows in the corner.

Fishlegs squinted at me, then looked over at Astrid. "Did Astrid just call me dude?"

"Dammit Fishlegs," I groaned. "That is Astrid. I'm Hiccup."

"Okay. Ha ha, very funny. Like you guys switched places, or something."

I clapped my hand to my face. "Are you fucking kidding me, dude?" For such a smart guy, he could be pretty fucking oblivious sometimes. We had told him everything about our situation, crystal clear, and he still didn't get it.

"Yeah, have you like, not listened to anything we've said?" Astrid asked with her ever-so-characteristic sass, sitting back in the couch with her arms and legs crossed.

"Yeah, Fishlegs. What the fuck."

"Okay, this actually isn't funny, guys," Fishlegs squeaked with a nervous chuckle. His eyes darted back and forth between the two of us. Then he lowered his head and leaned towards Astrid. "Hiccup- I didn't know you knew Astrid," he whispered to her before glancing at me. "I didn't know she was so...\_vulgar\_..."

"I heard that," I called out.

Astrid shook her head and stood up, disregarding Fishlegs' skepticism. "Look," she said firmly, planting one hand on her hip. "We'll prove it."

As if the girly mannerisms weren't proof enough.

"Yeah," I said, backing her up. "Wait- what? How?" I watched Astrid move to the center clearing of the room. She just winked at me, and then snapped into an upright stance, her arms glued to her sides. She was smiling big.

I had a bad feeling about this.

And then came the clapping.

"Come on crowd, yell go Vikings go!"

Oh, no.

"Go! Vikings! Go!"

She chanted the line again in a sing-song voice, this time with flashy arm motions. The sight made me wanna puke. What was she doing to me!

"Go! Vikings! Go!"

Astrid then finished off the chant with a perfect round-off back handspring.

"Go Vikings!"

The room was suddenly silent except for Astrid's heavy breathing.

Fishlegs and I sat there wide-eyed and open-mouthed. She stood there for a few moments, her arms still held up in a high V. Her skin was slightly flushed, a big cheerleader smile still plastered on her face.

"Now do you believe us?" she breathed, her chest heaving a bit.

"Astrid?" Fishlegs asked, awestricken. He then turned to me, an even more bewildered look on his chubby mug. "Hiccup?"

I looked to Astrid. "I think he took that well."

"Fishlegs? Fishlegs, are you alright?"

"Whoa- yeah- I mean- huh? I'm fine. Uh- what happened?"

Astrid scoffed. "Duh. You fainted!"

Fishlegs squinted at Astrid and then looked at me again. He had passed out only seconds after he realized that Astrid and I were switched. He was on his rug now, having slipped out of his desk chair upon fainting, and was looking up at us with an even more puzzled look than before. Poor kid had maybe been out for a minute or two before he finally snapped out of it.

"You okay, dude?" I asked.

Fishlegs blinked at me. "H-Hiccup?"

I smiled meekly and nodded. "Yeah. It's me."

"Finally he believes us," Astrid said with a roll of her eyes.

"Astrid...?"

"Come on, let's help him up."

As Fishlegs plopped back into his swivel chair, he stared wide-eyed off into space for a moment before exchanging dazed looks upon Astrid and I. "So I wasn't dreaming..." he muttered. "You guys are really switched."

Astrid and I glanced at each other. "Trust me," I said with a laugh. "I'm not creative enough to think of an elaborate prank like this."

Fishlegs took in a deep breath and then exhaled. "Okay. Okay," he said, regaining composure and his usual calculative persona. "Gimme a second." In one brisk motion he swiveled his chair around to face his computer and immediately began typing away at lightning speed.

I took a seat on the couch once again, Astrid following. "I think we were cursed."

"Curse... Spell... The work of dark magic... It could be a number of

things."

"Do you know about Loki?"

The typing stopped. Fishlegs turned back around to face us.

"Loki? The Norse god? The son of Farbauti and Laufey, the brother of Helblindi and Byleistr?"

"Yeah- we get it," I interrupted. "That one."

"Loki is the trickster god," Fishlegs continued. "The god of mischief. Don't either of you remember learning about him in History of Mythology last year?"

Now that I thought about it, I vaguely remembered going over something like that.

"Was that the one with the huge boring textbook? Like a thousand pages long?" Astrid piped. "Wait, you two were in that class?"

"I've read it like seven times," Fishlegs replied with eyes lit up like fireflies. "Loki is a true master of deception. A shapeshifter."

He then got up from his chair and pulled out a massive book from one of his shelves. As he flipped through the pages, Astrid and I exchanged looks of amusement. It was the History of Mythology textbook.

"It says here," Fishlegs began. "'Loki, the infamous trickster, is a prominent god in the realm of Norse mythology. His scheming and manipulative character is paired with an ability to shape shift, often taking on the form of cats, wolves, bears, and in rarer instances, an elderly man.'"

"I fuckin knew it!"

"'Should you come across Loki, do not fall for his unassuming persona. He may appear to be helpful, but only seeks outcomes that are most pleasurable and advantageous to him.'"

"I don't get it," Astrid butted in next. "What does any of this have to do with us?"

He kept reading. "'If you are not careful, Loki can bestow a curse upon you through a number of ways. These curses may seem harmless at first, but can ultimately result in one's demise.'"

I swallowed.

That meant death.

"'Any and all of his curses are seemingly unbreakable, as they feed upon mankind's tendency to be selfish, ignorant, and foolish. Only an act of true selflessness can lift the curse.'"

The room fell silent. Fishlegs lowered his book and looked at us apprehensively.

I slumped back in the couch. "Da da da, we're dead."

## 7. Chapter 7

Flipping the Switch

Chapter 7: Go Vikings Go

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><p>this chapter took forrreeever to write! you have no idea...thanks for all your patience! i appreciate all the reviews, i'm very flattered. ;)</p>

xoxo kitty

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><p>Fishlegs gazed over at Astrid and I with the book still open in his hands. His eyes were round with fear.</p>

"There are dark forces at work here."

Astrid and I exchanged looks of uneasiness.

"You really think that the norse god Loki..." Fishlegs took in a deep breath. "Is the reason for all this?" Fishlegs asked, his eyes bouncing back and forth between us.

"I did a little research. If you can think of a better explanation, I'm all ears," I replied, leaving out the creepy text message part.

Be careful what you wish for.\_

I cringed a little at the thought.

"Uhm, hello?" Astrid snapped, raising her hand mockingly. "Am I like, missing something here? I still don't know how I got dragged into all this."

"Weren't you the last person to see Hiccup before his run-in with Loki?"

"Yeah. So?"

"He's the god of mischief," Fishlegs replied, slowly pacing back and forth. "When he met Hiccup, he must have figured that you two were the perfect pair to mess with after your brief little encounter. You two are very different, after all."

My stomach rippled with guilt. Debatable.

"You guys are cursed. And- according to legend- the only way out of it is if you can each perform an act of true selflessness." He paused to glance at the book. "It says that you have till the next full moon to break Loki's spell. That's a month!"

My jaw dropped. "A month?! We can't be stuck like this for a month."

No way it will take that long."

"Lifting the curse may not be as easy as you think," Fishlegs said ever so matter-of-factly, still cradling the book in his arms. "An act of true selflessness requires... placing the interest of others completely above yourself. It's more than kindness or generosity. It's... Virtue."

"I'm sure it can't be that hard," Astrid replied with a classic roll of her eyes, sitting back in the couch while crossing her arms and legs. Fishlegs came forward and then turned the book so that the pages faced us. "Well then this shouldn't be a problem for you..."

We both leaned forward to look upon a black and white illustration in the style of traditional Norse art. It was a skeleton in a Viking helmet, holding a sword that he had driven through his chest. Crouching atop a tall rock next to the Viking was a gangly character dressed in long robes, who I assumed was Loki, looking down upon the victim with an evil grin.

Suicide.

Astrid whipped up from her seat and then glowered down at me. "I was right. This is all your fault!"

"Astrid-"

Before I could get another word out, she socked me in the arm. "That's for getting us cursed," she barked.

"Ow!"

Another punch. The cheerleader was stronger than I'd expected.

"And that's for everything else."

I sat there doubled over, gripping my skinny little girl arms when I heard Astrid sob and then storm out of Fishlegs' basement.

"Wait! Astrid!"

"Uhh... Is he- I mean- she- I mean- Is Astrid gonna be okay?" Fishlegs stammered worriedly.

Before I could answer, I ran after her.

"Astrid!"

She had already made it up the stairs, through Fishlegs' living room and out the front door when I finally caught her by the arm.

"Astrid, hold the fuck up!"

"I want my life back," she wailed, yanking her arm from my grip. "I don't wanna die."

"Astrid, listen to me-"

"I am not listening to anything you have to say."

"Would you at least turn around?"

She whipped around to face me, shoulders tense and hands balled into fists at her sides. She was red in the face, on the brink of tears, glaring back at me with my own green eyes. I was terrified of myself.

"Astrid, we can do this," I said, trying to soften my voice. "Trust me on this one."

Her nostrils were flaring. She was like a fucking kid in a candy store that wasn't getting her way. "Trust you? Why of all people should I trust you? You're the one who like, messed everything up in the first place!"

I opened my mouth to say something, but then I was interrupted by the sound of the front door swinging open behind me. "You guys, wait up!" called out a squeaky voice that was unmistakably Fishlegs'. I turned around to see the chubby nerd scampering out to the lawn, waving his hand back and forth. "You guys," he repeated when he reached us, bending over as he caught his breath. He took a quick hit from his inhaler.

"I'm sorry," he breathed between pants. "The truth is—" Pant, pant, inhaler, "You two are more than capable—" Pant, "Of breaking the curse."

Astrid and I locked eyes for a second before she looked away again.

"Loki is just the trickster god. He's not as powerful as you think."

I huffed. "What's the point of all this? Why us? Why couldn't it have been any other asshole in the bathroom?"

Fishlegs simply shrugged. "It was pure chance. He met you, gained your trust, and now he's using you for his own personal amusement." He paused, his face lighting up with a witty smirk. "But that doesn't mean you can't play his game too."

"Well what about school?"

"Therein lies the real challenge," Fishlegs replied with a soft sigh, scratching the side of his head. "You guys will have to learn how to emulate one another. Live each other's lives as if none of this ever happened. But in order to achieve that, you'll have to work together."

"You really think we can pull it off?"

"What other choice do you have? No one will believe you if you tell the truth."

"You did."

The chubby nerd smiled. "Who knows, maybe there's something to learn through all this."

I narrowed my eyes. "So you won't tell anyone?"

He held up his hand in sworn honor. "Your secret is safe with me."

"Promise? Cuz if you fuckin tell anyone I'll tell Ruff about that time you got diarrhea in Barnes & Noble..."

"I promise, I swear!" He squeaked, cheeks flushing. "Come on. I know guys can do this, we're Vikings! We can overcome anything," Fishlegs said with a smile and a playful shrug in attempt to lighten up the mood.

He was referring to our high school mascot, of course.

"True..." I replied. I glanced over at Astrid. She was still standing there with her arms crossed, eyes at her feet, but I saw a smile budding. I knew for a fact that she of all people had more school spirit than Fishlegs and I combined, let alone the entire student body. As head cheerleader, spirit was her middle fucking name.

"What do you think, Astrid?"

She then rolled her eyes. She refused to look at us.

I knew what I had to do. But I didn't want to.

It started with the rhythmic clapping. "Come on crowd, yell go Vikings go!"

Astrid's eyebrows jumped up, and she turned her head towards me as her arms began to uncross.

"Go! Vikings! Go!"

Still clapping, my feet were planted together on the grass beneath me and my arms tight. Big smile. Lots of energy.

"Come on crowd, yell go Vikings go!"

This time I incorporated the motions that I remembered from watching Astrid. With sharp execution, of course.

"Go! Vikings! Go!"

I ended with my arms up in a high V, my breath slightly ragged from the short burst of adrenaline. Astrid and Fishlegs stood there staring at me, slack-jawed.

My eyebrows pulled in as I lowered my arms. "Was it that bad?"

Astrid suddenly beamed with pride, leaping towards me and squeezing me into a hug. "Hiccup, you did it! You cheered!"

"I did?" I squeaked, nearly suffocating. "I mean- Well, yeah, I did."

Astrid let go with a big smile on her face. My cheeks turned hot. Did

that actually just fucking happen?

"Whoa. Fishlegs? Are you-"

\_Thump.\_

"Dammit, he fainted again!"

It was about four in the afternoon by the time Astrid dropped me off at my place. Fishlegs was safe and sound again in his little basement dungeon... We figured he could use some rest after that shitshow of a visit. We had the information we needed, now it was just a matter of assimilating until we could overcome our situation. But in order for this to work, we were going to have to get to know each other a little better. We'd have to spend Sunday educating one another on our day-to-day lives.

"So tomorrow. Twelve o'clock?"

"Can we make it like eleven?" Astrid asked. "I wanna be in and out of the house before my mom notices there's a strange boy living in my room."

I smiled softly and shrugged. "Yeah, fine."

We sat there for a moment in her idle car.

"Well okay, see ya," I said as I hurriedly pushed open the car door.

"Not so fast—" Astrid grabbed me by the hem of my shirt before I could climb out.

My breath caught in my throat. "What?"

Her eyes were now narrowed in a deadly gaze. "I know how you boys are. You better not even think about trying anything."

"Dude! I thought we were past this." I put my hands up in submission.

"You pinky swear?"

I huffed. "Seriously?"

She had her pinky out, waiting, her eyes locked on mine like a target. My shoulders fell as I gave in.

"Pinky swear."

Astrid's cheerleader smile came back in an instant. "Great! See you tomorrow at eleven!"

End  
file.